

THE HERALD PAGE FOR EVERY WOMAN

Edited by JULIA CHANDLER MANZ

FRIZI SCHEFF SAYS CHARM IS BETTER THAN BEAUTY

Famous Prima Donna Declares That Any Woman Can Cultivate Qualities of Character That Have Power to Win Human Hearts.

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

Some folks there are who say that Fritz Scheff is the most beautiful prima donna on the American stage. Others there are who insist that she is not even a pretty woman. But I have yet to hear the man or woman say that Fritz Scheff has no charm.

Appreciation of her appearance at the Belasco Theater this week in the beautiful Strauss opera "Night Birds," the question of her beauty came up for discussion the other night in an assembly of somewhat artistic people, with a diversity of opinion that made the argument hot.

"Let's drop the question of her beauty and talk about her charm," said a sensible chap.

"Ah!" sighed his friends with relief. "Fritz Scheff is always winsome, whether her mood is quarrelsome, tender, petulant, or serious. She possesses charm, and that is of far greater value than beauty," asserted the man who had made the suggestion that the question of the prima donna's beauty be dropped.

At this point the discussion began anew, this time of the comparative value of charm and beauty, and the argument became as heated as before, until I suggested that I be appointed as a committee of one to ask Fritz Scheff to analyze charm and give her opinion of its comparative value with beauty.

Madam's Answer.

So I went to her with my question and she gave me that elusive smile of hers that is so great a part of her witchery.

Then quite suddenly she became altogether serious.

"I was thinking of this very thing one day last week. I was waiting in one of your Washington shops for change. Two girls stood next to me. The one was very lovely to look upon. She had features that were almost perfect and a peaches-and-cream complexion. The other girl had irregular features, and her face in repose could never be called pretty. She was stylishly gowned, and her manner was very sweet and gentle. Her charm came before mine, and the beautiful girl hurried away, while the plainer one lingered a moment, giving the saleswoman a smile that was like a flash of radiance, that lighted her whole countenance.

"What a beautiful girl!" I said to the saleswoman referring to the first one.

"Why, did you think her pretty?" I was asked, in surprise. "I thought the other one much better looking," she told me.

The remark has been something in my brain ever since.

"Doesn't this incident answer your question?" the prima donna asked me.

"What do you think?" I questioned back.

Power of Charm.

"I think that there is more power in charm than in beauty, and that they are not synonymous terms. The plain-faced girl in the shop had that magical, that wonderfully elusive quality of charm which, when combined with beauty, is irresistible; but which without beauty was very far in replacing it, and certain accounts for the winsomeness of many women who could never be considered beautiful.

And the best thing about it," Fritz Scheff went on to say, "is that any woman can cultivate charm. It is distinctly a mental or spiritual attribute, and, like most human qualities, it is founded on very tangible, matter-of-fact things. A woman's heart is the source of her charm. If she is capable of much loving, capable of a big, kind feeling for all the world, it will be evidenced by her manner, her smile, her every smile; it will reach out through her every medium of expression, winning human hearts wherever she goes.

It is easy to forget the woman who is only good to look upon, but the woman

who has grace of character is always remembered with happiness by those whose lives she has in any way touched.

And Fritz Scheff held out her hand to me, saying, "I have just heard of a woman who has just been given a role of the night, and had given me quite enough of her time and strength to the answering of my questions."

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And now it seems that the Archbishop of Canterbury objected to the announcement that at an approaching marriage in English society the bride was willing to promise to love and honor "till death do part," but would not consent to obey; and he is quoted as saying that the omission of the word would make the ceremony illegal.

Apart from the church end of it and without any desire to enter a ceremony which for ages has borne the stamp of its approval, it really seems to me that the institution of marriage should deal with the realities of life as we find them.

And the realities of life to-day hardly warrant the continuance of that word "obey," any more than they do that meaningless clause:

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And the unreasonable feature of it is that the wife renders obedience no more than the husband gives up his all on his wedding day.

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But in our times a marriage that fulfills its promise of happiness must keep all notions of superiority and inferiority out of the door before the more hopeful reign of equality.

And, though it may be regarded as nothing but a shadow and the shadow of a dream, it is the best of all things to have a wife who is equal to her husband in all that counts.

It is not a pleasant thing to admit, and now that the day of "superiority" has quite largely gone by, one does not care for any relic or reminder of a comfortable time, and that is the reason it seems well to clean up all around.

That is why statute books are being examined more closely than heretofore, and why brand-new, justice-loving folk are asking for the repeal of laws that tell unpleasant stories of other times.

Disability it is more or less a gradual thing, but it is a thing that is in our great country will carry along a law permitting a man to control his wife's earnings? It is contrary to the sentiment that alone makes marriage a beautiful institution, and should be repealed to a dead, an outlived past. Yet

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In buying dresses for warm weather no mistake can be made in selecting one of these comfortable blouse frocks.

The material of the one to the illustration is white linen with bands of blue. The closing is made with cords and buttons, and a new effect is seen in the buttoning of the sleeve band.

POEMS THAT HAVE HELPED

AN ODE TO THE OAKS OF COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

(Published by special request.)

The Great Creator of ten and wood: Had finished his task and said: "The good!"

He had scattered abroad with a hand benign The seed of the oak and fir and pine; For he knew, as only a God can know, The needs of his children here below.

The scattered seed on Columbia's Heights Developed and grew, to men's delight; For the grove of stately oaks that stood Where the pride of the folk of the neighborhood.

It seemed the oaks clasped hands with God To join his love to earth's humble sod. All through the years as men passed by They looked on the oaks, with heads reared high; And somehow, whether they said it or not, They felt they were drawn to this shady spot.

And deep in their bosoms they formed A prayer: That the ruthless axe these trees should spare. Men saw in the oaks a text and song, Which sank in the heart as they moved along. And their thoughts went out to the Gracious God Who planted the oaks in the grassy sod.

And after that, "neath the kindly shade, There rested awhile both man and maid. Alas! that man's remorseless axe These oaks should doom to Mammon's tax; That such a boon from heaven's hand Should thus no longer grace the land— Of strong voices the oaks were wont to send, That for years untold decked Columbia's crown.

I dropped a tear as the oaks fell low, For my heart was wrung at each cruel blow. And I wondered how man could be so base, To flout such malice in heaven's face— So reckless a God whose living thought For his children's good thus set at naught.

And men will pile stone, iron, and wood And mortar and brick where the oaks once stood. While child and maid, with weary feet, Will look in vain for the grassy street, And quiet and quiet the oaks went down, Which the oaks with their kindly foliage made.

ALTON B. BARTY, Chairman Committee of Park and Lawn, Columbia Heights Citizens' Association.

New Hair Puffer.

Every once in a while somebody comes out with a new contrivance to aid in the important work of building up a coiffure. One of the newest of these is the hair puffer designed by the collaboration of a New York man and a New Jersey man.

Putting their heads together, they devised a machine of flat pieces of wood, grooved so that one will blase another and leave hollows on either side. The hair is strapped around the structure thus formed and clamps are fastened to the hair along the length of each hollow. These clamps press the hair down into the hollows, and after it has been "put up" long enough to get into shape, leaves waves along the locks where they have been.

Granulated Butter.

The Chinese preserve their eggs indefinitely by drying them, the yolks and whites being first separated and then each reduced to powder by evaporation. In India, butter is treated in much the same way, so that it never becomes stale and may be kept fresh for a hundred years. The butter is boiled till all the water and curds are got rid of and nothing remains but clear oil. When the oil cools into a solid it is granulated, and in this form will remain fresh indefinitely. This is what they call ghee, and ghee is nothing more or less than dried butter.

Canned Peach Mousse.

Slice canned peaches to the amount of one quart. Rub through a sieve; add sugar to taste and two quarts of whipped cream. Heap the mousse lightly in individual molds, pack in ice and salt, and let it stand from four to six hours. When ready to serve, unmold and garnish with sliced peaches.

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